Black-Bird's Third T A L E.

A

POEM.

By the Author of the First

Post est Occasio calva----

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THE

BLACK-BIRD's Third TALE.



S on a Bough the Blackbird

Revolving the strange Turns of Fate,

In a cool Walk he through the Trees,

Primario and Clariffa fees ;

The fair Clariffa who still bears

A Part in all her Lady's Exts, Caros

A 2 And

And still attends where e're she goes,

To help, deliver her from those,

Who with inexorable Spite,

Disturb her Quiet day and night,

And sull of Impudence and Pride,

Her Person from her Power divide.

Oh! What a Force has Impudence,

When intermix'd with want of Sense.

How often does it make Men great,

And give 'em Titles, and Estate,

Gains Vogue at Court, and makes Fools

Person,

And Scoundless to high Places rears;
As fays the learned Puditions,
Can make a Bishop of an Ass.
For he that has but Impudence,
To all things else has a pretence.

The

The Lady first the Talk began, Dimario you're a faithful Man, And much our 9918. does depend, That you'll approve your felf her friend. She therefore fends by me to know, How now you think her Matters go. Primario figh and ftop her here; To the good Dame my Duty bear, And beg her first of all beware, Of those vile Men that boldly fay, They lawfully may difobey. For fuch who for Relistance plead, Must ever keep her under dread; And to betray, or use her ill, Would always have it at their Will.

Clarissa, if I may be free, Tell your good Lapp this from me, Her Safeguard's in the Ministry. When wife, and virtuous Men prefide, Whose Faith and Justice have been try'd; Then Anarchy, and Innovation, That threaten this unhappy Nation, Must sneak into some other Station. But when Religion's made the Sport, The Make-game or the Fool o'th' Court, And ev'ry little Knave or Fool, Directs the Monarch how to Rule, Unless by speedy Measures cross'd, The Church, and Crown must both be lost, And he that thinks them out of Danger, To common Sense must be a Stranger.

Can it be true what People say,

A set of Fellows t'other day,

Had Insolence enough to come,

Into your Lady's drawing Room,

And to her Face declare if she,

Should alter more the Ministry,

They'd all withdraw from her Assistance,

And what is this but flat Resistance.

Offer'd before to Queen or King;

My very Soul abhors the Notion,

Of such a vile, and wicked Motion.

What had the Lapp ne're a Friend?

Whose Duty then 'twas to attend,

To take these Scoundrels by the Ears,

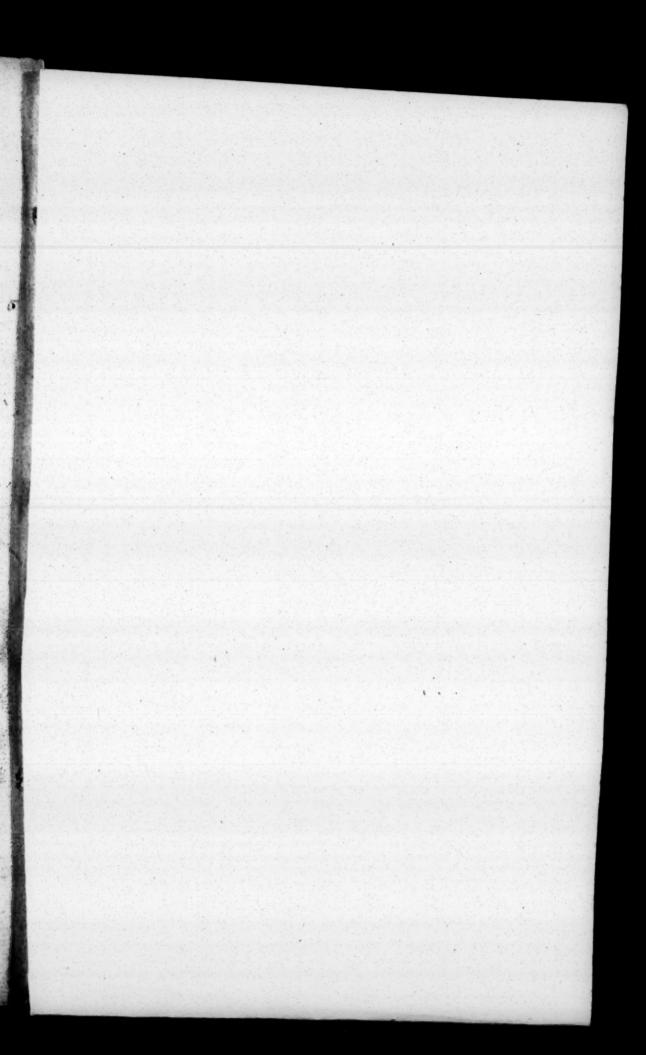
And lead 'em with contempt down Stairs.

Clariffa

Clarissa, I protest my Reason de di ano Suggests to me that this is Treason. A Wisdemeanoz itis I'm fure. The Nation ought not to endure : Thou out Nor can your Laup pass it by, The affront is so exceeding high. blad limits Printario, will you give me leave. My Millels, who can much forgive, which Yet wears a Soul too large and brave, To condescend to be their Slave. WANT 10 Before we part take this from me, and line Primaria you will quickly fee 108 year yld Our Miffrets will her Power affume, And punish those that dare presume, it assist To flight her Title and defame, visa stell? That glorious Race from whence the came.

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This Poem will be continued and published every Thursday in half Sheets in the same Letter and Paper.



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To slight her Title and desame,
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